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Memories of Lake County

Compliments of....

Antioch News.

Antioch, Ill.

HENNESSEY, OF LAKE COUNTY,

BY

PRESERVED WHEELER,

Author of "From Side Streets and Boulevards."

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Antioch, Illinois,
Burke & Storms, Publishers.
1894.

Dedicated to JOHN J. BURKE,

By his Sincere Friend,

THE AUTHOR.

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JOHN J. BURKE,
Senior Publisher Antioch News.

A. H. STORMS.
Junior Publisher Antioch News.

Hennessey Meets a Friend.

The month of November is often a cantakerous, blustering, ill-favored month. It is capable of more mean tricks than any other month of the year. When it comes to Chicago it puts on its very worst manners, being ugly and morose beyond description.

Mr. Hennessey and November, meeting each other one day upon a street on the West Side, had a hand to hand struggle over a market basket. November, with the aid of a disagreeably nipping wind, made efforts to wrest this basket from Hennessey's grasp. That stout Irishman, resenting the unwarrantable interference, held the basket firmly and adjured the wind in this fashion:

"Yez wud, wud yez, bad cess till yez, can't yez let a dacint mon alone? More partickler whin he's an his wa-ay to git the mate an vigetables fer a iligant Oirish sthew. Let me see," continued Hennessey, spreading the fingers of his left hand before him, and looking at them earnestly, "me thumb is fer the onions, Mollie sez till me: 'Fer the love av Hivin don't fergit the onions!' me firrust finger is fer the carrots, the nixt is the praties, the thirrud is the mate, an the forruth is the———"

At this point the wind, taking advantage of the old man's abstraction, caught the basket from his hand and whirled it rapidly across the street. The old man chased after it and captured it, muttering: "Curse this Avenyer anyhow!" The street in which this scene occurred is named Law Avenue, a singular misnomer, as the street is much celebrated in West Side police annals for the amount of law breaking practiced there. Immediately after this, Hennessey, coming to where Twelfth Street intersects this classic region, confronted his old enemy the

wind once more. It was surely a very imp of a wind, for, as Hennessey attempted to pass the corner, the wind seemed to turn a double somersault, and, grabbing up a handful of leaves and dirt, threw them in the old man's face. Upon this corner stood a saloon much patronized by Hennessey at times. He was passing this place with a strong sense of moral rectitude, being firmly determined to spend every cent in his pocket upon materials for the Irish stew. Why a sense of moral rectitude should make a man particularly agressive, is hard to explain, but it frequently does. The leaves and dirt coming unexpectedly on the old man's optics, rather blinded him, and the sudden lurching of a stout figure against him at this juncture, was more than enough to start his ire. With his unoccupied hand he dealt a heavy blow upon the half seen object. At once the air was rent with shrill cries of:

"Go it Irish! hit 'im back Dutchy, a foight, a foight!"

Hennessey's vision clearing, he beheld a large, good-natured Dutchman, very much under the influence of liquor, blinking at him and slowly rubbing that portion of his anatomy where Hennessey's blow had landed.

"No offinse, no offinse!" cried Hennessey, unable to restrain some hoarse laughter over the pitiable sight presented by his Teutonic adversary. The old man hastened on, much to the disappointment of the street gamins, who had instantly clustered about to witness the fun.

On Law Avenue, a short distance from Twelfth Street, stands a peculiar-looking grocery store. It was originally a dwelling house; the changes necessary to render it a place of business, have resulted in an extraordinary and mongrel style of architecture. It squats down between its neighboring buildings like a stout dwarf. A sign, disproportionately large for the size of the edifice, bears upon it in immense letters the name of Quinlan. Judging by the prices written on placards adorning all the commodities in

the windows and front of Mr. Quinlan's store, it would appear that he was willing to make extraordinary sacrifices for the good of his fellow man, as everything purported to be "under actual value." Hennessey paused before this tempting array of choice vegetables, fruits, etc., took an eye inventory of stock, preparatory to invading those domains. Mr. Quinlan, true to his nationality, had an eye to business, and using this eye through his begrimed window on the enraptured Mr. Hennessey, came forth to parley with him. The onions, praties, and so forth, changed hands after some lively interchanges of mother wit. Hennessey stepped inside the store to receive his change. As he stood there, gazing absent-mindedly in the direction of the door, the expression of his face suddenly altered to one of intense astonishment. A tall raw boned figure was slowly entering the commercial paradise. The figure was an ungainly, an awkward one. The man who owned it might possibly have been in his seventieth year, his vivacity of expression and quizzical kindness of look, made him appear younger.

"Begorra," muttered Hennessey, "Oi've hearrud thim sphake av Hammelet, an his father's sperritt, but this bates me! howsumiver ef this chap has wan eye gone, thin be all the Saints it must be ould Dave Bates an no other mon."

The warm hearted Irishman reached his friend with three strides, and clasping his hand kindly, though tremulously, said:

"Bates, ould mon, how do yez foind yersilf, an how is all me Antioch frinds?"

There was a tremor in Hennessey's voice, a suspicion of moisture in his eye, as he stood holding Bates' hand.

Bates shook his hand with unfeigned pleasure. "Wal, wal," he exclaimed, "yer'e a right smart of a man yit Hennessey. I can't jest reckon how many years sence I seen you before, but its a long time. I wan't never thinkin I'd ever see you agen. As fer Antioch, why man the changes there is surprisin. But set

down here on these barl's, settin's cheap as standin, ye know.

The two men seating themselves, gazed at each other in silence for a few moments. At length Hennessey said, with a quiver in his voice.

"Whin Oi look at yez, Dave Bates, me moind goes so far back that Oi'm in the fields around me brother's house, or rowin across the wather to Cedar Oisland to chase a wounded teal, or standin besoide yersilf, young an sthrong wance more, to watch yez diggin wells. Mony's the hour Oi've watched yez at worruk; shure yez must have dug most av the wells in Laake County."

Bates shook his head mournfully. "My well diggin days is over," he said, " 'tis a well they'll be diggin fer Dave Bates soon. Your old friends in Antioch is passin away fast now. Old Bill Ring has been very sick."

"Bill Ring!" exclaimed Hennessey, "shure he us't to kape a sthore."

"Yes," assented Bates, "his store us't to be where Johnnie Perkins and old Iry Webb's boys be now."

"Well do Oi remimber that sa-ame Bill Ring," continued Hennessey, "in the ould toimes he us't to hev to go clear to New Yorruk, twoice a year, fer his goods, him an ould Rob Strang. Oi kin moind well how Ring us't to snhiff at the farmers' butther an say, 'only tin cints fer that,' whoile the divvle a pound av tay wud he sell less thin a dollar. He wint out av thraide twinty years ago, an wint intil poletics, an was elicted Supervisor siveral toimes. Oi hearrud sence, he ma-ade a illigent figgier an the county boarrud."

"All that was years an years ago," said Bates, "Ring's ben livin on his money this many a day."

"Iry Webb!" exclaimed Hennessey, "Shure an Oi remimber that sa-ame ould Iry Webb very well, he ust to be an auctioneere in the ould toimes an had a purty shrude hed an his shoulders, Oi tell you. An do his byes be in thrade now?" enquired Hennessey.

"The Swate Town of Antioch."

"Yes," answered Bates, "they keep a good stock and do a good business, and there is few more popular men in the county than Webb Bros. & Perkins."

"Perkins," mused Hennessey, "shure an Oi niver herd tell an him before."

"No," answered Bates, "Perkins come to Antioch about eight years ago, is a great big fellow weighing over three hundred pounds and is as good natured as he is big."

"Tell me Avick," said Hennessey, "is ould Charley Haynes livin yet?"

"Livin, you bet he is!" answered Bates, "ef any man has a bad debt, he knows who can collect it for him."

"Ould Charley Haynes," continued Hennessey retrospectively, "shure an the divvle a law shute was iver hild in the county that this sa-ame long Charlie hadn't a finger in; he was the ould squire fer mony years. Oi wondher does he squeeze the money out av thim as he us't to?"

"Things is changed," said Bates, "Haynes isn't 'Squire no longer now, John Burke is J. P. now."

"Before Gawd!" exclaimed Hennessey, "but yez ta-ake me breath away! yez surely can't mane little Johnnie Burruke, him Oi knowed a freckle-faced bye, hangin round listnin to the chat av all the ould min."

"The same," answered Bates, "Burke is a Lake County boy, born and raised in Antioch, but he's an Editor as well as J. P. He runs a good newspaper, THE ANTIOCH NEWS; he has taken in a pardner by the name of Storms, an they make a fine runnin team you kin bet; there aint much in the way of items kin git away from them."

"An edithor!" said Hennessey, "to think av Jack Burruke bein an edithor; tis a great thing to be squire, but an edithor is bist av all. Ef Oi cud live me loife over wance more, sure Oi'd

The Antioch News Office, Ames' Hardware Store, the Bank of Antioch, Naber's Harness Shop and the Board of Trade(?), and C. O. Foltz & Co.'s Store.

sooner be an edithor thin a Prince; such foine chances to wallop yer'e inimiesz"

"Enemies!" protested Bates. "John Burke is the last man in the world to make enemies; he's so kind hearted, he wouldn't hurt a fly. Everybody likes him. One thing is a fact, he and Storms are gettin out the liveliest paper in Lake County, an the circulation of it is jest humpin up I kin tell you"

"Well 'tis beautiful to be an edithor, anyway," said Hennessey. "Oi'm glad Burruke is wan, the name av him is music to me ears, fer the Hinnisseys an Burrukes hev inthermarried beyant seas this mony years; shure me own mother's cousin, Gawd rist him, he wos a grea. mon wid his gun—an that moinds me, how is ould Simons? ye'll know which Oi mane, Levi Simons, he us't to be the foinest duck shot in Laake County."

"Us't to be!" exclaimed Bates, "he is so still, why he goes off every fall now to northern Wisconsin to shoot ducks and deer. Simons keeps a good hotel in Antioch, an a bus an livery line. He's peart an smart as he kin be, but he's not much given to shootin off his mouth; he doesn't do much braggin, but it's well known that he shot two hundred and twenty-six ducks in one day on Grass Lake. He has ben postmaster, an held several town offices. He's never so happy as when he goes a huntin. Tell me, Hennessey, do you remember Tom Wilton? He made a considerable bit of money by farming; he owns a farm now close to where your brother us't to live."

"Tom Wilton," cried Hennessey, "Oi remimber him well, he wos a bricklayer be thraide, he wos an infid-dle, too," continned Hennesiey crossing himself and pronouncing this dreadful word *a la* violin. "Shure he belaved nayther Gawd nor the divvle."

Bates laughed and said: "He's pretty considerable of a lawyer now, an loves the dollar better than ever. Perhaps," con-

Dr. E. H. AMES,
a Lake County Boy.

timed the old man with a twinkling eye, "unbelief helps people to make money, for Wilton owns the Opera House now, and so far as money goes, is tolerably well fixed. Some pretty good men have come into Antioch of late years. These's Dr. E. H. Ames, he's a native of Lake county, but he's only ben in Antioch about twelve years; he's the man to tell a good story, as for jokes, he's full on 'em. He's one of the city 'dads,' and strong temperance. I'm glad to say he's helped make a temperance town of Antioch."

"Ye're a sthrong timperince mon, Dave, that Oi know," said Hennessey, "our Blissid Mother who kin read all hearruts, knows that Oi wish Oi wos the sa-ame."

Bates cast a comprehensive and pitying glance on his old friend, and continued his talk with some haste.

"There's C. O. Foltz, he's a native of Burlington, Wisconsin; he's only ben with us eight years. He's a fine business man, an well liked. He keeps store in the Wilton Opera House block, his stock of goods is always A number one. He's jest the tastiest feller I ever seen, always a fixin up his shelves; he's good company, too, a reglar out an out gentleman, an he loves huntin an fishin."

"There wos a mon named Riley Olcott," said Hennessey, "Oi moind that he come intil the county much forninst the toime Oi moved away; is he livin yet."

"Indeed he is," answered Bates, "why that feller kin give you the biggest yarns about the old Erie ditch ye ever hearn tell, nobody never sees him without him havin a short, black clay pipe in his mouth; the boys have laid bets that he sleeps with the pipe in his mouth all night. He's been in Antioch full twenty year. Ef you stood him on a rostrom with a star spangled banner in his hand, you'd swear he was the feller as was originally photographed for Uncle Sam, for he's Yankee clear through." "Then there's John Welch," continued Bates, he's an Irishman, an jest

ANDREW HERMAN,
"A Lake County Boy."

as good as they make 'em, he cuts an sets up a great share of the monuments in Lake county; he's a fine workman, everyone likes him. He kin talk politics, religion or anything, with the best of them."

"Ah well!" said Hennessey with a sigh, "If an Oirishmon kin lave the potheen alone, he's bound to set his marruk an this worrnld."

"Then," continued Bates, "There's A. G. Watson, he's a young an enterprisin feller, he keeps the farmers supplied with machinery an feed, he's full of life an business I kin tell you. Then there's Williams Brothers, surely you remember them Hennessey, they're old residents; they keep a fine store, an sell everything except liquor. Then there's L. B. Grice, 'Burt' we call him, he keeps the Grice Hotel. Like myself, he's considerable of a talker, but he never misses any business chances; he's allus on hand with his livery, lookin out for guests."

"Tell me Avick," said Hennessey, "is ould Allin Rogres ded?"

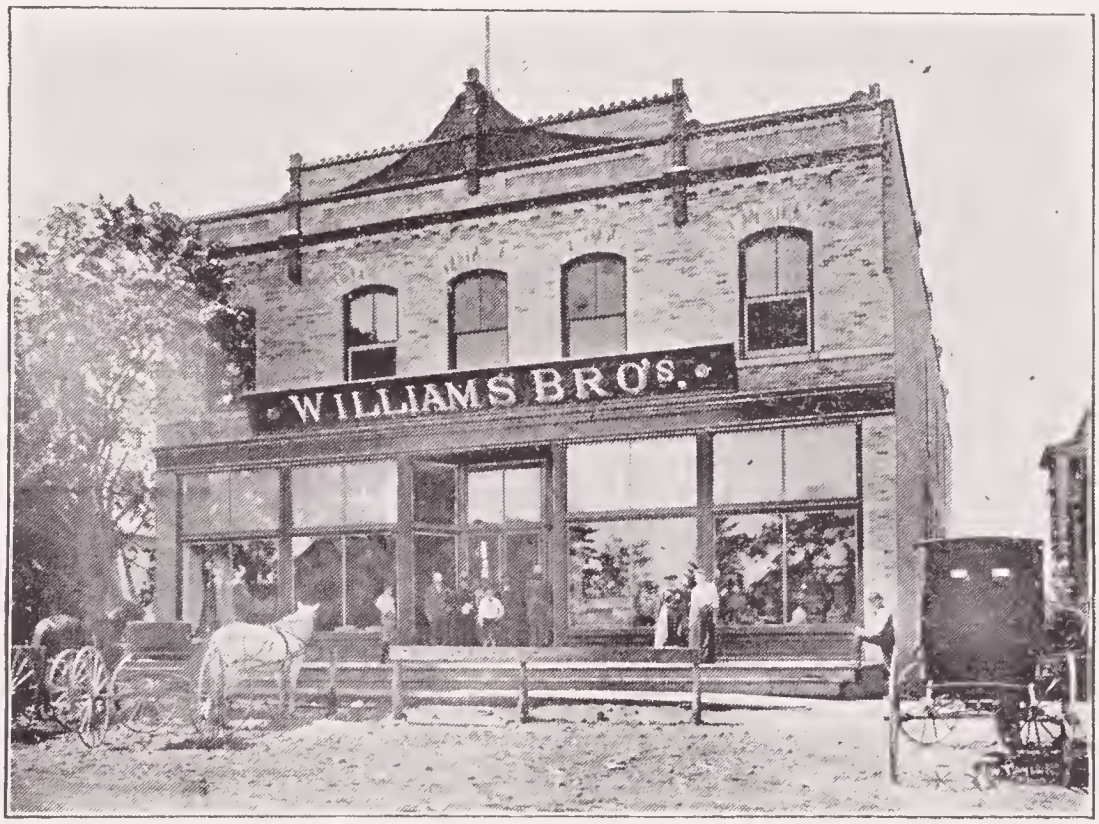
"Dead," answered Bates, "wall I guess not, he's the liveliest corpse yon ever did see."

"Loively," mused Hennessey, "shure ould Allin was always loively as a bee, an a quare ould joker he was; Oi reminber him well whin he lived down on the far-rum near me brother's, at Ceder Laake."

"Now tell me wan thing more," said Hennessey, "is ould Andrew Herman livin yet?"

"Is he!" responded Bates heartily, "well I should smile! why the old man's as hearty as he kin be; he's Commissioner of Roads now an drives over the country behind a spankin team of bays; he's well fixed; I only wish, Hennessey, you an I was as comfortable in world's goods as him, as I was sayin——"

A shrill voice, from the other end of the store, interrupted



Williams Bros.' Store, Antioch.

Mr. Bates' recitals. As the friends sat on the barrels, too deeply interested in conversation to remember their surroundings, the day was waning. Mr. Quinlan, engaged with customers and lighting of oil lamps, took no notice of them, until a shrill feminine voice, pitched unpleasantly high, penetrated his ears:

"Misthir Hinnissey," said the voice "'tis stharvin Oi am fer an Oirish sthew: ef yez don't be bringin the mate an vigitabuls to me this blissid minnit, Oi'll call out the pathrol fer yez, that Oi will."

Hennessey at a Business Meeting.

"Ye've bin a wondherin ould woman wot kep me out so late, hev ye?" said Mr. Hennessey one warm spring evening, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow. "Shure an 'tis this. Poor Casey's in a peck av throuble on accounut av the bildin an loan associashons. The wan he's inthoristed in is on the pint av burrnstin, an they cal't a meetin av the sharehoulders or sthockhoulders or wotiver partickler na-ame they go by, an Casey axed me to mate him thare an help him kape his harrnt up thro the bizness. Casey's turrible brnk up over it. He sez ef they wudn't insist on nvestigatin, the company moight pull thro, but 'tis the nvistigashons is the ruin av thim; they can't sthand that. Ye know, Mollie, wot a haard worrnkin fellow Casey is; he's stiddy es a pump-bolt, an fer years he's bin an puttin all his savins intil the Loan Associashon, to hev a bite av sup fer the ould woman whin he's dead an gone. He tould me to cum to the meetin this afthernoon an ef he wasn't thare to the minit, to wait fer him an kape me eyes an ears open. As Oi wos goin to mate him, Oi thot to mesilf how much betther ef Casey, instid av puttin his money intil this associashon hed got himsilf a little far-rum near Antioch, wid a shebeen on, an a cow, wid a few illigint pigs. Thin he'd hev hed a home fer the onld woman, wid praties an butthermilk galore; an he'd hev bin livin near the shwate town av Antioch, where 'tis loike Hivin all the year 'roun. Afther sum thronble Oi found the plaace where the meetin wos to be an Oi cnm to a dure an on it wos marked the naame av the prisident av Casey's associashon. Oi sthept in at the dure suddin an thare wos a tall young man huggin an kissin a young lady.

The lady co't soight av me over the young man's shoulder an giv a screech an skip't over to a type writin macheen, an sot down to it, an the young man axed perlitely wot Oi wanted. Oi sed Oi wos sorry to intherrupt a plasin divarshin, but end he tell me where they helt the meetin? He tuk me to the dure an pinted along the hall to another dure, an Oi wint in an found the meetin, an purty loively it wos in thare.

People sthandin round talkin wid ache other, an callin down desthruckshon on the heads av the prisidint an the directhors. Thin the directhors cum in an talked an argued wid the people. Casey wos thare alredy, lookin white an worried. He tould me that he didn't loike the way thay wos thransactin things. 'Twas too much talk; he niver saw any good cum av a meetin that wos all talk.

Thin Casey himsilf stud up an thried to knock a little sinse intil the heads av the directhors, who wudn't consint to anything he proposed. An wan little divvle av a mon kep jumpin up an objectin to ivry thing. Oi sed to Casey, Oi blaved that same mon wud spind his whole toime in Hivin, if iver he got thare entherin objecshions. It wos gettin daark thin, an nothin accomplished. The people yelled to the janitor to loight the gas. The janitor sed he'd be darned ef he wud onless they paid fer it. The directhors moved that a collecshon be taken up to pay fer the gas fer the evenin. The people sed 'no,' they'd lost enuf alredy. They'd adjourn till mornin.

The directhors wudn't consint to that. Ye see they feared they'd burrust before mornin, an they wudn't break up the meetin till the people wud giv lave fer a certain amount to be taken out av their deposits to stave over the imirgency. Be this toime wan av the directhors wos sthrikin matches to give loight to the type-writin fellow, who wos takin down the 'minits,' as they call't it, av the meetin, tho Oi think it should hev been

'hours.' Thin wan soft harruted gintlemon sed they cud go down sthaares to his office, where the gas wos loighted, an thransact their bizniss. We wint, an a toight squeeze we had av it. The people wos gettin more obstreporous than iver. The directhors sailed in amongst thim, coaxin an threatnin be turruns. At last the directhors managed to get things their own way, an the meetin bruk up wid groans an curses. The company may exist over another twenty-four hours, but 'tis shakin on its legs.

Casey's fair broken harruted. Oi tould him that thare wos too meny type-writin gurruls in it This huggin in bizniss hours is too dhisthractin an loible to burrust the best consarn in the worruld.

Hennessey on "Charley's Aunt."

"Ould woman," said Mr. Hennessey, as he entered the house the other night after eleven o'clock. "Oi've seen the tearinest play as iver wos played; the rolikinist bit av fun that iver made a chap ache wid laffin. Ye want to know wot soort av a play it wos, an how the ladies wos dhrest? Oh begorra! Oi can't tell yez much consarnin the dhress ixceptin 'twas mostly lace an ribbons an viry disthractin lookin."

"Misther Hinnissey," said his wife tartly, "Oi'm a thinkin 'tis too much theayter wid yez; yez know ez well ez Oi do, that it tuk yez a whole month to git over seein Williard, an now off ye go agin wid Casey, ez ef money grew on threes, an cud be had fer the pickin."

"Now daarlin," said Mr. Hennessey soothingly, "don't be angry, railly, we tuk the theayter this noight as yez wud take madicine. 'Twas mintal divarshin me an Casey wos sufferin fer. We hed bin attendin another meetin av the Bildin an Loan Associashon, an Casey wos so bruk up over it that Oi cud see if he kep his moind on it he wud shurely get dhrunk. How much betther fer him to hev a haarty laff over a good play. But Oi'll begin at the beginnin av the play. The firrist thing we seen wos a gay room wid a soort av a sarvint mon in it dustin chairs. It seemed from this mon's talk that sum av the college byes lived thare an by the looks av things they lived in sthoile. This mon wos complainin bitherly av the woildness av the byes an av the scarcity av dhrink, be raisin that the byes ginnerally dhrank it all up thimsilves. As the mon wos grumblin to hissilf in cums wan av the byes, named Jack, an sits down to wroite a letther to

his girrul, but he cudn't git on wid it nohow. He taares up six shates av good note paper at this worruk, when on cums another collige bye, callt Charley. Thin Charley axes Jack to help him wroite a letther to his gurrul. Thin they both sit down to wroite, an the more they thry the worse they do it. Oi wos sorry fer the byes, Mollie, fer letther wroitin is harrud worruk at all toimes.

At last they say 'tis no use; they'll hev to tell their love in spache. They'll hev the gurruls to cum an take lunch wid thim that day, thin they'll pop the question till thim Charley says he hes an ould aunt cumin from Brazil to see him; she'll be in toime fer the lunch, an be the proprietres. Thin they wroite notes invoitin the gurruls, an call the mon in an giv him sum lip an sind him off wid the notes, firrust makin him projuce all the woine they hev an set it on the table to see ef thare is enough fer lunch. The byes go off to dhress, whin in at the windy hops another collige bye callt Bob. It sames that he wos a Loord, but ef all the Loords looks an acts loike him they're a woild lot. He sees the woine on the table an dances wid joy. He pops the bottles intil a large carpet bag he is carryin an is jest makin off thro the windy agin, whin the byes rushes in an ketches him. Thin they tell their love throubles till him an he sez he's in the same box, be raison av a gurrul who wint to the Wist Injies or sum haythin plaace. At this pint in rushes the mon wid a letther which tells how Charley's Aunt wont be able to git there that day. The byes is disprit, fer they know the gurruls wont cum widout a lady thare They coax Bob to dhriss himsilf up fer the onld woman an help thim out of the schrape. But whin Bob cum in dhrest up fer the onld woman the fun begun in airnist. The gown itsilf wos well enuf, but oh, the wan that wos in it: the nose av him; an the jaw av him; takin all in all Mollie, he wos the most hijeous ould woman yez cud see in a days journey.

He jist hed toime to ax the byes ef he wos married an did he hev any childers, whin they hurried him intil a chair an he spread out his black gown an thried to look modist. In cum the two gurruls, an 'tis beanties they wor Mollie, an viry much in love wid Jack an Charley. Charley inthrojuces his aunt to thim an they call Bob a 'dear ould thing' an insist on kissin her. The byes is treminjus mad, but bliss you, Bob loikes it; cud yez blame him me dear?"

"Yis!" retorted Mrs. Hennessey. "Oi cud blame him; to be so mane as to take advantige av two innocent gurruls, who made the misteke av thinkin him a dacint ould lady. Oi'd hev wallopoed him well."

"That's as it may be," remarked Mr. Hennessey. "'tis a matther av opinyon on thim pints. Well they set down to lunch—Oi forgot to tell yez tho about Jack's father, a noice onld ginthlemon, who looked loike a retoired poirate. He wos at the lunch, Jack havin giv him the tip abont Charley's Aunt bein wealthy wid Brazil nuts an naygurs; the ould chap thot it wud be a soft shnap fer him to patch up the rints in his forchune, be coortin an marryin the aunt. Finally the byes axes fer the woine, at which Charley's Annt claps her two hands to her face an laffs uprorions. Ye see Bob remimbered suddin that the woine wos in the bag. Oh Oi'll niver see a black satin gown agin widont fancyin Oi kin see the shake av a laff in it.

The nixt act showed a beautiful garden outsoide Jack's and Charley's rooms. The byes cums on wid the gurruls an begun love makin, but they hed the divvle's own toime av it, owin to Charley's Aunt an the retoired poirate always gettin in the way. The gnarjin av the gurruls wos in it too. He wos a bald-headed ould mon, wid loose jinted legs. Whin he foinds ont the riches av Charley's Annt, he goes to coortin the ould lady most ontrageons, an Charley's Annt kapes the two onld min skippin purty loively."

"Shameful," interrupted Mrs. Hennessey, "the contimptibleness av min is beyand belafe."

"Praps that's thrue," said Mr. Hennessey, "but yez cudn't wondher wid so much love makin in the air, thet the ould wans wud want to be at it too. Anyhow things wos mixt up frightful whin in the midst av it, in cums the rale aunt. Whin she hears consarnin the make-believe-aunt, she niver lets on, but pertends to be some one ilse. Wid her is the gurrul that Bob loves. This makes Bob desprit. He tills the byes thet he will play the ould woman no longer. He taares off the satin gown and skips out in his proper pants and shirrut. This makes the aujience near doie wid laffin. Ivrythin comes out sthraight in the ind.

As we cum ont av the theayter Casey sez: 'Tare's Powers,' 'Wot do yez mane?' sez Oi. Jist thin Oi noticed Casey noddin an smilin at a handsum little mon wid a face on him ez broight ez a summer marnin.

'Dont yez know Harry Powers?' sez Casey, 'Shure he's the foinest mon this soide av the herrin pond. Oi thot ivry wan in Chicago knowed Harry Powers.'

'Yez fooled yersilf,' sez Oi ez we cum ont, 'fer thare's wan mon in Chicago niver heerd av him till to-noight, an thet mon is Pat Hinnessey.'

Casey looked at me soide-ways, an ez we wint along Oi sez, sez Oi, 'Oi've seen Charley's Aunt, an Oi've seen Harry Powers, but where wos the CAT?'

'The what?' sez Casey.

'The cat,' sez Oi, 'Oi seen nor hoide nor hair av it.'

'An why shud yez see a cat?' sez Casey.

'Why fer no?' sez Oi, 'the vistnbule av the theayter wos full av pictures av big cats wid Charley's Aunt in great letthers undher ivry wan av thim.'

'Oh!' sez Casey, 'that wos advertizin."

'They hed no bizniss doin it,' sez Oi, 'whin they promised cat they shad furnish cat.'

'It sames,' sed Casey, sthandin sthock sthill 'thet Charley'' Aunt an Harry Powers isn't enuf fer yer evenin's enthertainments but yez u.d loike to hev cats exthry. P'raps,' sez he shneerin loike, 'ye'd wish a few allegathors an toigers thrun in.'

Think av that Mollie, from him to me, an him a mere bye; he can't be more than forty-foive year ould. 'Casey,' sez Oi till him wid dignity, 'spake to me no more loike thet.'

'Cum on!' he sez, beginnin to dhrag off his coat, 'Cum on! Oi'll lick yez ef yez wor ez ould ez the hills.'

An thare Oi lift him Mollie, sthil shakin his fists at me.''

Hennessey's Holiday.

Day was breaking over Chicago. The dawn of another of those broiling days when the big city seemed like a great grid-iron on which men slowly roasted. But the morning dawned even in the purlieus with the freshness of a prayer on its parched lips. Faint breezes fluttering over Lake Michigan, drew up a little coolness as they came along and breathed it gently into those wretched domiciles where the city's poor tossed in their restless slumbers.

The first beams of light peeped in at a window of Mr. Hennessey's bed-room as timidly and gently as if it had been a fine lady's boudoir. These beams revealed the old man with his arms thrown over his head, and his long gray locks lying carelessly upon the pillow.

Mrs. Hennessey, entering the room at that moment to arouse him from his slumbers, paused to look at him. There was no kindly glory in all the morning sweeter than the light of love which softened Mrs. Hennessey's wrinkled face as she gazed at the care-worn one on the pillow. Mr. Hennessey, moving restlessly, muttered, "No, no, Casey, Oi'll niver forgive yez." Mrs. Hennessey, smiled, and touching his shoulder, roused him.

"Ould mon," she said, "dhress yersilf quickly, fer poor Casey's ben here the last half hour beggin to see yez an ax yer fergivness fer what was atwixt yez the noight yez seen 'Charley's Aunt.' He an Flannigan want yez to go wid thim fer a days holiday, as owin to the sthroike ther's no worruk fer thim to do. Casey does be sayin that wid the Rock Island road tied up, 'tis but little use there is fer his coffin, the cab."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Hennessey with evident joy, "is Casey there thin? Sure, Oi tho't the bye wud be comin till his sinsis afther a toime. Mollie macushla, tell thim Oi'll be wid thim doirictly."

The "making up" between the Irish Damon and Pythias was accomplished with celerity; it consisted of a hearty hand-shake and a long look into each other's eyes.

"Now byes," said Mr. Flannigan, who was a small, thin old man, with a scrubbing-brush beard, "fer a noice, quoit breezy sphot, the north pier wud be a good place to go till, an hev a little fishin."

"Ginthlemin," exclaimed Mrs. Hennessey as she entered the room, "promise me that ye'll not go near the sthroikers this day, but will contint yersilves wid quoit pleasures."

"Mollie," retorted Mr. Hennessey, testily, "do yez think we wud go near the roiters an hoodlums as hez the impudence to call thimsilves sthroikers! no, we're fer law an ordher; we want the byes to git wotiver they're intoitled to, but we know they'll never get it be turrunin over caars an desthroyin property."

Having satisfied Mrs. Hennessey on this score, the good woman presented them with a basket plentifully filled with an abundant lunch.

They made their way to the north pier, enjoying a pull at their pipes as they went along. Seated at last on the edge of the pier, with fish poles extended over the water, the trio watched their floaters with serene interest and contented silence. The waves swashed 'round the piles with musical murmurings; the wind, refreshed by its friend, the water, blew gently through the scant grey locks on Hennessey's forehead, and tantalized the rim of Casey's hat. It was one of those days when the fish, for some unexplainable reason, refused to bite; but this fact interfered not

the least with the placid pleasure of the party. The common people enjoy a holiday on any terms.

"Wan thing we can claim, byes," said Hennessey, looking about him complacently, "we get this thrate out av the sthroikes."

"Wot is the opinyon yez entherthain av the sthroike, Misther Casey," asked Flannigan, with interest, "an which do yez think is in the roight av it?"

"The sthroikers is in the roight, av coorse," responded Casey.

"How wud yez be makin that out," asked Hennessey, "and firrust av all will yez tell me wot they're sthrikin fer?"

"Divvle a wan av im knows!" answered Casey. "There was some talk firrust av the throuble bein wid Pullman, but somehow Oi cudn't see why the whole counthry should sthrike bekase av Pullman. Thin some do be sayin es how Debs, bein dissatisfied wid the way the Prisident an his cabinet is runnin things, thinks he cud do betther himsilf, an has an intinshun av bein made a soort av an Imporoor av the United Sthates. But wotiver is the cause, it makes no differ to me. Oi'm wid them anyhow. Oi tell yez wot byes they hev a sthroike on as will knock the worruld silly."

"Listen till me Casey," said Hennessey sternly, "yer'e a young man, or ye'd niver be talkin that way. Sympathizin wid wot yersilf admits is nothin to yez but a name. Some one called Debs yells sthrike to yez, an off go all av the byes loike a gun at half cock, an wid no more sinse till it."

"'Tis a great misthake," said Flannigan, "we had matthers bad enough forninst the harrud toimes, on top av all these throubles the byes has rows in the moines, an now they do things wid the railroads to bring the throops down on thim. All this too in a period when they tells us the threasury is impthy."

"Wot Oi want to know is this," said Casey, the threasury is impthy, who impthied it?"

A thoughtful silence fell upon the group when this query was propounded. Even Hennessey, whose loquacity might be termed perennial, could find no answer. The trio fell to smoking very hard, as if to extract from the solacing weed some elucidation of this knotty problem. Finally Hennessey said he could remimber some intherestin things forninst shooting clubs ef they'd wish to listen." This was rather a wide departure from the unsolved problem, but they listened.

Hennessey on Shooting Clubs.

"Hould an wan minnit, Misther Himmissey," said old Flannigan, in an excited tone, "Oi've got a boite."

The others watched with eager interest as Flannigan, after some manouvering, landed a small perch.

"Niver moind the soize av it," said Hennessey, consolingly, "there's bigger wans where that cum from."

Mr. Casey burst into a smothered laugh. The others, turning their heads to discover the cause of his merriment, saw it in the persons of two women, walking along the pier. These women were tremendously stout, and one of them was colored. The colored woman carried ostentatiously a large umbrella, as if to protect her complexion from the sun. This was no easy task, as the wind was high and blew the feminine garments about with laughable abandon. After their mirth had subsided Hennessey asked Casey, in an oracular tone, "Ef he noticed the dale av throuble the Tolleston Club was in? What wid law shutes an murdhers an Gawd knows what besoides."

Mr. Casey responded in the affirmative, and Hennessey proceeded to air his views on shooting clubs, much to the edification of the other two, who listened to his discourse with profound respect.

"Now byes," said Mr. Hennessey, screwing his mouth up into its most argumentative twist, "The thing to me moind is this way. A lot av rich min buys up a whole marsh, fer the purpose av kapin all the shootin to thimsilves. Not contint wid that, they hire policemen an detectives to guard the marsh from inthruders, fer fear some poor divvle, who is fonder av chasin a duck than doin anythin ilse in the worruld, should be accident

"As fer lovely places to sthop at, there's the Hunther's Home, an Ramaker's, an Bob Selter's."

put wan fut over the loine, intil the marsh they call their own. Begorra Oi always shupposed the birruds av the air was free to all min, but these rich min would capture the viry wind that blows an chain it down, ef they cud, an lave the poor mon widout air enuf to fill his lungs a dozen toimes. They thried this buyin up bizniss at Grass Laake, byes, a long toime ago, but they cudn't do it. The poor mon, glory be to Gawd, has as much roight there es the rich mon. They don't kape consthables there to knock yez on the head ef yez happen to fergit yersilf in the joy av firin yer gun.

The dacint worrukin mon can go to Grass Laake fer his sphort, as well as the millyonare. There the poor mon can stand in his boat just as the day is breakin, an watch the rosy mornin gettin out av bed. Daybreak on the marsh is a glorious soight to a city bye, Oi tell yez. He kin feel the fresh air all about him, an take big gulps av it widout payin ixthry fer the privilege. He kin listin to the swhate thwitterin av the birruds as they tell their plisint drames to wan another, an niver bother his hid wid the thonght av concert tickets. An as fer luvly places to sthop at an git the atin an drinkin, why there's the Hunthers' Home, an Ramaker's, an Bob Selter's. Ah! the same Bob, he's a foine bye! Oi've knowed him sense he wor a little kid, an good Oi've knowed him to be, all thro' from byehood to monhood.

Yez kin see, byes, wid half an oi, that the noshion av the rich min buyin up the marshes an rivers is all wrong. Oi do be hearin that 'tis as much as yere head is worth to set fut on the Tolleston marshes. That the dirthy ruffians hoired fer the parpose, does be layin fer yez with Winchester roifles, always. Oi can't belave that it's as bad as that in this free land, howiver. Oi kin testify to the hoggishniss av the rich, fer many years ago, in Minnesoty, whin Oi was worrnkin on a rich mon's fancy farrum. Oi had opporthunities fer sthudyin the

"In his boat an Grass Lake an watch the rosy mornin gettin out of bed."

eccenthricities av the rich. There wor visitin on the farrum, whin Oi worruked there, a stout ginthlemon from Evanston. The propriethor called him 'Kid.' He wor the fattest and ouldest kid Oi iver seen. This 'Kid' was as full av notions as ould mate is full av maggots. He kipt puttin all soorts av quare fancies intil the propriethor's head. Wan noight, whin the propriethor cum home from drivin over the place, he found the shmill av whiskey so sthrong in the gun room that he swhore it made him faint. Bedad, the 'Kid' had filled ivry jug an bowl in the house wid whiskey, an put corrnn to soak in it.

'What does this mane?' says the propriethor, as mad as a hornet.

'It manes,' sez the 'Kid,' 'That it is me intinshion to make all the woild ducks an geese as dhrunk as biled owls; we'll scatther the eorrnn over the fields this noight, an whin we go out arly in the marnin, we'll foind the birruds sthaggerin in the fields be hundreds. Thin we'll take a sthick an knock thim on the head.'

The 'Kid looked at his frind an laffed.

'Listin till me, Kid,' sez the boss, 'Yer'e a fool! Good whiskey loike that will only give the birruds more sthrength to fly away wid. As fer knocking thim on the hid, 'twould be sheer murdher an no sphort at all.'

Yit fer all that, wan cnd see he was railly carried away wid the noshon av it. The rale hoggishniss av their nathures showed out. The wastin av all that good whiskey, fer the sake av capthurin ivry birrnd in that vicinity to thimsilves."

"Did they git any ducks?" asked Flannigan, with interest.

"Nary a feather," answered Hennessey. "They were out at dayloight looking the ground over; the corrnn was gone an the birruds too."

"An Grass Lake a mon kin hev the joy av firin off his gun widout bein hit an the hid by a consthable."

Hennessey's Investment.

"Ye've wurruked iviry day this wake, Oi belave, Misther Hinnissey," remarked that gentleman's wife, with ominous politeness, as, one fine Saturday evening she finished counting for the fifth time the bills and silver he had given her.

"Oi hev, Mollie, Oi hev," responded Mr. Hennessey, but his voice trembled and he struck a match and attempted to light his already glowing pipe, to hide his embarrassment.

"An yit, Misther Hinnissey, yer wages is a dollar short," said Mrs. Hennessey, her face flushed until it resembled an auctioneer's flag at a sheriff's sale.

"Oi'll till ye Mollie," went on Mr. Hennessey, still uneasily, "Oi med an invistmint."

"A what?" inquired his wife in the tones of a woman predetermined not to be humbugged under any circumstances.

"An invistmint," repeated Mr. Hennessey, solemnly producing a small package from his pocket.

Mrs. Hennessey maintained a frowning silence, but watched her spouse as he seated himself, broke the string, removed the wrapping paper and displayed to her astonished gaze, a volume bound in dark blue.

"From Side Sthrates to Bullyvaards, by Preserved Whaler," read Mrs. Hennessey disparagingly, seating herself also and taking the book in her hands. "An ye ped a dollar fer this?"

"Oi did," responded her husband firmly but with a pale and anxious countenance.

Mrs. Hennessey glanced at the book a second time and gently, oh so gently, laid it on the table. Then she arose to her

full height, not from her chair, but in it, though to her husband her head seemed to touch the ceiling, and towered above her victim as black and menacing as a cloud-burst over a Minnesota farm. Mr. Hennessey said not a word but stared defiantly at the tea-kettle.

"Ye ped a dollar fer this, did ye?" began his wife, her voice raising almost to a shriek as she proceeded; "ye ped a dollar fer this whin yez onny git won fifty a day an not much doin at that; ye ped a dollar fer this whin Jimmies two fate air out on the flure fer want ov shoes, as Oi tould ye onny this blissid marnin; ye ped a whole dollar fer a thrashy book, an ye nadin a new shovel to worruk wid on the Soide Sthrates an Bullyvaards, to kape yer woife an childern from want."

Mrs. Hennessey paused for lack of breath, and Mr. Hennessey broke in with a dogged:

"It isn't a thrashy book, Mollie."

"Oh! it isn't, isn't it," returned Mrs. Hennessey, "an how do you know that?"

"Because Oi read a paart av it comin home," answered her spouse, seizing the opportunity to change the subject, "the firrust story opens beautiful about a man who uset to git dhrunk all the toime an wos no good ginerally. His na-ame wos——

"Hinnissey," interrupted his wife, with much decision, leaning her head upon her hands and looking intently at the speaker.

Mr. Hennessey coughed.

"Oi'll mek a clean breast av it Mollie," he proceeded after a pause, "thin Oi think ye'll not be so harrud on me, but 'll see Oi've not wasted me money. Oi wos talkin to McGuire this mornin a few minutes before the boss druv up, an sez he: 'Did ye iver hear av Preserved Whaler?' Oi didn't, sez Oi, wonderin wot he cud mane, is it good? 'It is that,' sez McGuire, 'fer Oi've thried it mesilf. Ye shud git it Himissey. It onny costs

a dollar, an ye'll niver regret the invistmint to the da-ay av yer'e death.' Just thin the boss kem an we separated. Will, as Oi wos comin home, Oi sez to mesilf, sez Oi, McGuire's a man av sound sinse, an has a long hed an him, an ef he sez a thing is good it must be good. It's pay noight an why shudn't Oi thrate mesilf an me family wanst in a whoile. So Oi wint intil that grocery wid the big pla-ate glass windy an Oi sez, do ye kape Preserved Whaler? 'Preserved Whaler,' sez the clerk, starin at me as ef Oi'd ben a frake in a dime museum, an he a dead-head. 'Is it canned paches ye mane?' What fer shud Oi mane canned paches, sez Oi, whin Oi said Preserved Whaler as plain as Oi cud sphake? 'Niver heard av it sez the clerk, turnin his back an me. Thin Oi thried two or three more groceries, but they wos all aloike. They hed cherries an sthrawberries an plums an sich, but not a wan hed Whaler. At last Oi sthruck a small sthore on the corner an put the usual question, at which the clerk burrust out laughin. 'Preserved Whaler,' sez he, 'is the na-ame av a man who wroites books.' Is it? sez Oi. 'It is that,' sez he, 'an ye'll foind out all about Whaler an the books too at McClurg's, on Wabash Avenyer.' So Oi thanked him koindly fer his information an wint out. Thin Oi sthrolled to McClurg's an got the book. Oi've onny read parrt av it, Mollie, but wan thing Oi will say—may Oi be foriver preserved frum radin another av Whaler's books—"

"An ye ped a dolla—" began his wife, wrathfully.

"Till Whaler wroites another," concluded Mr. Hennessey, with solemn earnestness.

A. R. L.

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Hennessey on Grass Lake Ducks.

When Mr. Hennessey reached home the other evening he seemed so excited that his good wife asked him what had "ben sthirrin him up?" "Oh, Mollie," he groaned, "Oi don't know wot things is a comin to, this counthry is gettin to be so full av liars! But I'll be afther tellin yez how it cum about. Oi was in the Wishconsin Cinthral dapot, jist finishin up a little wurruk thare, whin in cums a passinger thrain, and off stips sum city gintlemin wid sthrings av game shlung about thim. A foine site to me always is the ducks, an Oi sez to mesilf, sez Oi, it's from Grass Lake they're bringin thim. So I flung me shovel over me shoulder an throtted along behoind the gintlemon with the biggest sthring av thim, an on he walks, loike a dhrum major, 'til he cum to the Open Board of Thraide, an thare a lot av the byes seen him an began clustherin 'round him loike flys near sugar."

'Just in from Grass Lake byes,' he sez, 'Oi tuk the thrain at Camp Lake an foine fun Oi've had. It's a bigger sthring than this Oi'd a had if me toime had not been curtailed.'

Thin he thrun the ducks down an they all gethered close round to admire thim. Oi sthopped near unnoticed loike an listined.

'This wan,' he sez, pickin up a big mallyard, 'wuz a long shot an he cum with a moighty flop.'

'Mostly spike tails,' sez wan av the byes, scornful loike.

'Niver moind that,' sez the hunther, 'the sport's jist ez good whativer thare tails aa-re.

Thin he began discoorsin to thim an how he'd shot each particular duck, an Oi quoitly picked up wan av the burruds an tuk a shniff at him. O! be all's good that duck shmilt sthrong.

'Yis byes,' he wint on sthratenin himsilf up, 'Oi cud hev done much betther ef it hadn't bin fer the gun.'

At this wan av the byes, who seen me take a shniff, lifted a burrud an tuk a shniff himsilf. O, Mollie woman, Oi'm laffin yit to think av the faces he made.

'Well,' he sez turnin to the hunther, 'Oi knew they wor considerable liars an the Boord av Thraide but an the Open Boord they do excel.'

'What do you mane?' sez the hunther, mad loike.

'Oi mane,' sez the other, 'ye should hev put salt pether in the chaarge wid which ye shot these ducks, an not hev bot thim av a pot hunther at fifty cints apiece.'

Afther that spache the excitemint grew so intince among thim an the langwage so swhate an sthrong that Oi thot Oi'd betther be movin, an ez Oi walked along Oi sez to mesilf, the remimbrance av the shmill takes me moind to the Pollard-Breckinridge case. It's a sthrange contradictory condishion av affiairs in a counthry loike this, which at the openin av the worruld's fair was clamorin fer breeches on thare Appollo Belvideres, an blanket shawls round thare Dianas, yit can open thare papers ivry mornin an read with a relish the most disgustin obscenity that iver disgraced the records av the law.''

Hennessey's Reminiscence.

It was a warm, quite warm day in Spring. If Spring is a coquettish season in most localities it may be considered even more so in Chicago; its changeableness there is startling to an extreme. But this particular day was all smiles and promises. Mr. Hennessey, walking homeward with a slow step, and a tiny bunch of crab apple blossoms in his hand, seemed lost in reminiscences. He shook his head slowly from side to side, muttering softly to himself as he walked: "To remimber ould Laake counthy, och hone, the crab apple threes is bloomin there, the fish is dishportin thimsilves in Loon lake, the wind is laffin over the fields, an here—"

Mr. Hennessey looked dolefully upon the wretched street before him, and a moisture dimmed his old faded eyes. He lifted the crab apple blossoms to his nose to inhale their fragrance. Mr. Hennessey's nose bore so strong a resemblance to these blossoms in its color, that his nose and the blossoms seemed to blend. He had purchased them from a small boy for the sum of three cents, as being the last of his stock, the boy had professed his willingness to part with them for that.

As Mr. Hennessey entered his humble domicile he presented the flowers to Mrs. Hennessey with a bow which, considering his years, was grace itself. That fine woman, Mrs. Hennessey, was surprised and touched by such an unexpected gift. She received it with a cry of delight.

"Was it me ye was thinkin of, ould mon?" she said, "these mind me av the time whin Oi wos a gurrul."

"An a beautiful gurrul ye wor, Mollie," said Mr. Hennessey, gallantly, at which compliment Mrs. Hennessey bestowed upon him the largest smile she was capable of, and I do assure you there never was anything stingy in Mrs. Hennessey's smile.

Me Bruther's Farrum on Cedar Laake.

"Sit ye down," said Mrs. Hennessey, delightedly, "yer supper's all ready, Pat, and tis an exhtry good wan, too, fer ye must remimber yer burthday cums only wanst a year."

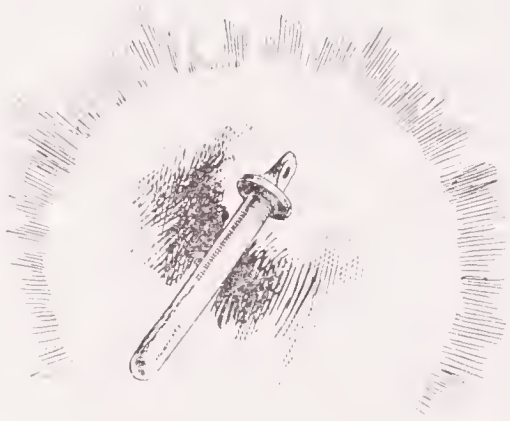
"An is it me burthday?" exclaimed Mr. Hennessey, surprised, "yet Oi can't help thinkin it would be betther not to know when wan's burthday cum, ye moight live to be a hundred."

After this sage remark Mr. Hennessey addressed himself to his snoper. When a little time had been devoted to this pleasant occupation, Mrs. Hennessey said:

"Sure, Pat, it's an illigant daay intoirely, it is."

"Thrue fer ye, me darlint," answered Mr. Hennessey, "an its this saame day that takes me moind to Laake County, an the schwate toimes Oi used to be havin there wid me brether; a broth ov a bye he wos, only at toimes he'd be a little woild afther the dhrink, but his woife tuk a way to cure him ov that, an even to this daay Oi can't help laffin whin Oi think av it. Ye must know, Mollie, that me brether had the purtiest farrum in the worruld; on the back av his house wos an illigant porruch, an he'd set on it evenins lookin out over Cedar Laake an shmokin his poipe, an there would be the teal—the woild ducks, woman—playin in the wather jest beyant, an shakin their wings at him as ef to say, 'cum shoot us, ye omadhaun.' Bad cess to the railroad min, they've built a road thare now, on the edge, av the laake, an sphilt iverything intoirely. Well, as Oi was sayin, me brether had the wan wakeness ov loikin his dhrop, an whin he'd go to town—Antioch wos the nearest town thim daays, an there wos little talk av prohibishun—he'd come home so full, well, Mollie, Oi can't railly say how full; but Sarah, his woife, objected to it, the craythur, an mintioned that objection to him in sthrong language, an a divvle av a row they had over it at toimes. Wan daay he wos returnin from town well 'sot up,' as ye would say, wid the sphirit of conthradiction sthrong within him, an a foine jug av whiskey close beside him, to kape his timper up. As he

dhruv up to the gate ther wor Sarah at the dure lookin fer him. Thin he whisks the jug an shaaks it at her, callin out all the toime, 'not a wurrud, Sarah, not a wurrud.' Me sister-in-law taakes in the condishian of affares at a glance, an whin he cum intil the house she axes him, swate as ye plaze, to sthep intil the cellar, loike a darlint, and fitch her a jug av milk. Me brether wos so fooled by her kindness, an his own good feelins, that he done it. No sooner wos he down the sthairs thin she shuts the thrap on him, she had fastened the little dure beyant, thin runnin to the sthove she taakes a kittle av hot wather. Me brether he calls to her, 'Woman, Oi'm in the daark.' Thin she follows the sound av his vice, and begins to pour the wather on him thru the cracks av the flure, thin he run screechin to the other ind av the cellar, an she follyin the screechin wid the hot wather. Oh! 'twas a foine scrimmage they had, he yellin fer mercy an she axin him ef he'd promise niver to get dhrunk agin. He promised; wot's more he kipt his promise, and wos wan av the most dacint, respictable min in those parts. Whin he died he had the longest funeril percesshin iver seen in Laake County.



"Me Nate Little Couplin-Pin."

The Coupling-Pin.

Whin the wa-ay is long, an the noight is da-ark,
Whin the sthars nathe the clouds kape in,
Thin away Oi thrudge, as gay as a lark,
Wid me nate little couplin-pin.

The gintlemon grasps a pistol foine,
An the fast chap carries a dirk,
An the dude swings on wid his cane in loine
Loike a lordly earl or Turk;
But niver a knoife or a gun for me,
Oi'd think it a shameful sin,
To carry such thriflin toys, ye see,
Instead av me couplin-pin.

Oh! 'tis company foine on the lonely road,
Wid niver a house in soight,
Wid nary a song from frog or toad
To call thro' the da-ark'ning noight:
It's company foine, as Oi swhing it loight,
An say to mesilf: Oh thin
No man shall da-are sphake rough to foight
For fear av me couplin-pin.

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